MORE FREE TRANSFERS INSIDE!

15p.

TV COMIC

Number 1532
Every Friday 8th May 1981

YOUR TOP 3 - Readers Poll Results

TOM and JERRY
GULP! THIS'LL BE MY LOT UNLESS I GET LUCKY!
...AND NOW, OUR PRIZE PIECE - LOT THIRTEEN! A GENUINE HOUSE MOUSE!
13
14
...A HEALTHY SPECIMEN, PLENTY OF FAT, A GOOD RUNNER...
FAT CHANCE I HAVE OF ESCAPING... UMPH!
BUT EASY TO CATCH! I'M OFFERING 'IM AT A KNOCK-DOWN PRICE
BOK!
NOW DO I HAVE ANY BIDDERS?
I'LL BUY DAT MOUSE.
ME TOO!
THIS TAG COULD BE MY TICKET OUT OF HERE!
GOING, GOING...
...GONE! HUMPH? YEOWCH!
THUNK!
VANISHED!

Continued on Page 2 . . .

THAT MOMENT...
PHEW! I THOUGHT I'D BOUGHT IT BACK THERE!
AFTER HIM... UNNNGH!
PUFF! I'M EVEN FITTER AND FASTER THAN TOM SAID WHEN IT COMES TO GIVING THOSE TOMS THE RUN-AROUND!
OOOOMPH!
SOON...
AUCTION ROOMS
I'LL HIDE IN HERE!
GEE! THERE ARE MAID 'N' BUTCH! IF TOM FOLLOWS ME, IT'LL BE TO HIS COST!
I'LL CRAWL UP ON THAT CREEP, JERRY!
THIS HAT-PIN IS JUST WHAT I NEED!
...ANY ADVANCE ON THIRTY POUNDS FOR THIS ORNATE BIRD-CAGE...?
THIS IS A PRETTY SHARP IDEA, TOM!
HUH?
THEN...
JAB!
TOM'LL SOON GET THE POINT...
HEEEY!!!
AH! SOLD TO MR. BUTCH, OVER THERE!
MY HAT-PIN!
MY FOOT! GRRR! SO IT WAS YOU, EH, TOM?
BACK HOME...
THAT'LL KEEP TOM OUTTA ANY MORE MISCHIEF!
TOM'S SURE GOT THE BIRD, THIS WEEK! HE'LL BE MORE CAGEY ABOUT CHASING ME, IN FUTURE! CHUCKLE! CHUCKLE!
THROB THROB!

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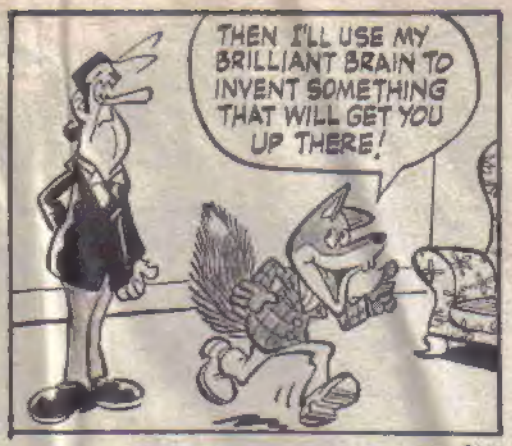
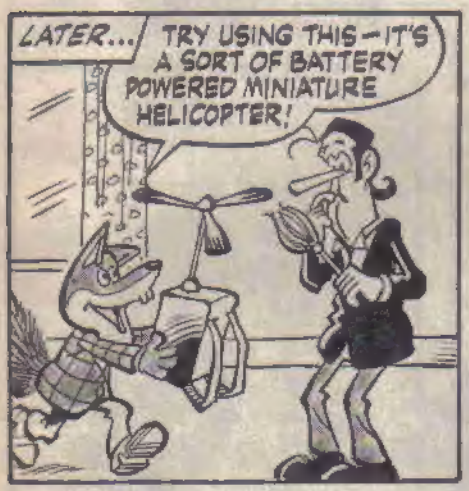
BASIL BRUSH

JUST LOOK AT THOSE COBWEBS UP THERE, CHUMMERS!
SORRY, GUV, BUT I CAN'T REACH 'EM!

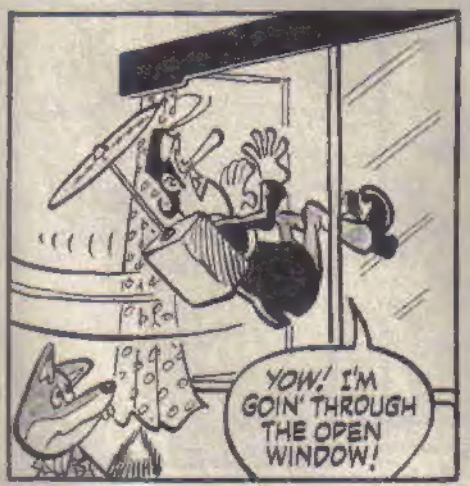

THEN I'LL USE MY BRILLIANT BRAIN TO INVENT SOMETHING THAT WILL GET YOU UP THERE!

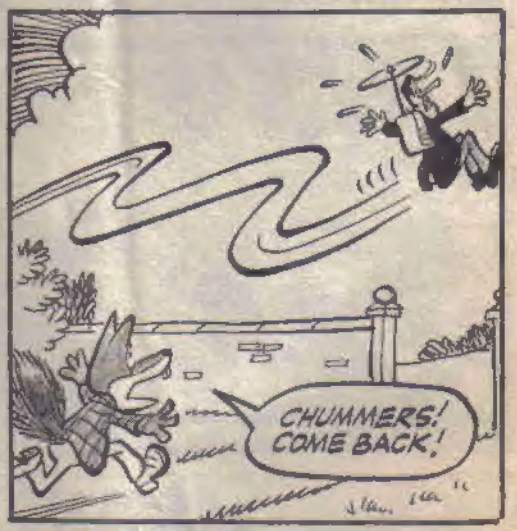

LATER...
TRY USING THIS – IT'S A SORT OF BATTERY POWERED MINIATURE HELICOPTER!

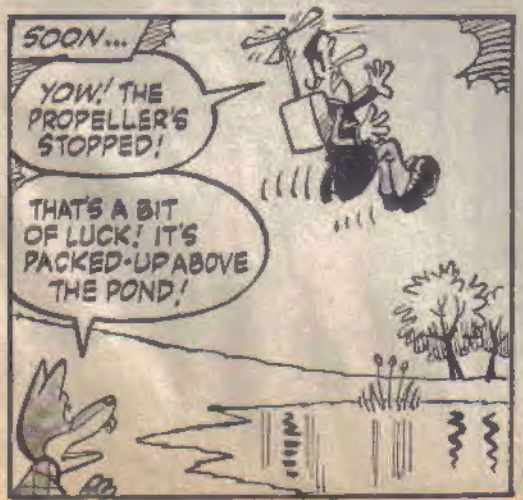
HEY, GUY! IT WORKS!
OF COURSE!

THERE ARE JUST TWO PROBLEMS TO IRON OUT!

FIRSTLY, I HAVEN'T THOUGHT OF A WAY TO STEER IT...
'ELP! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

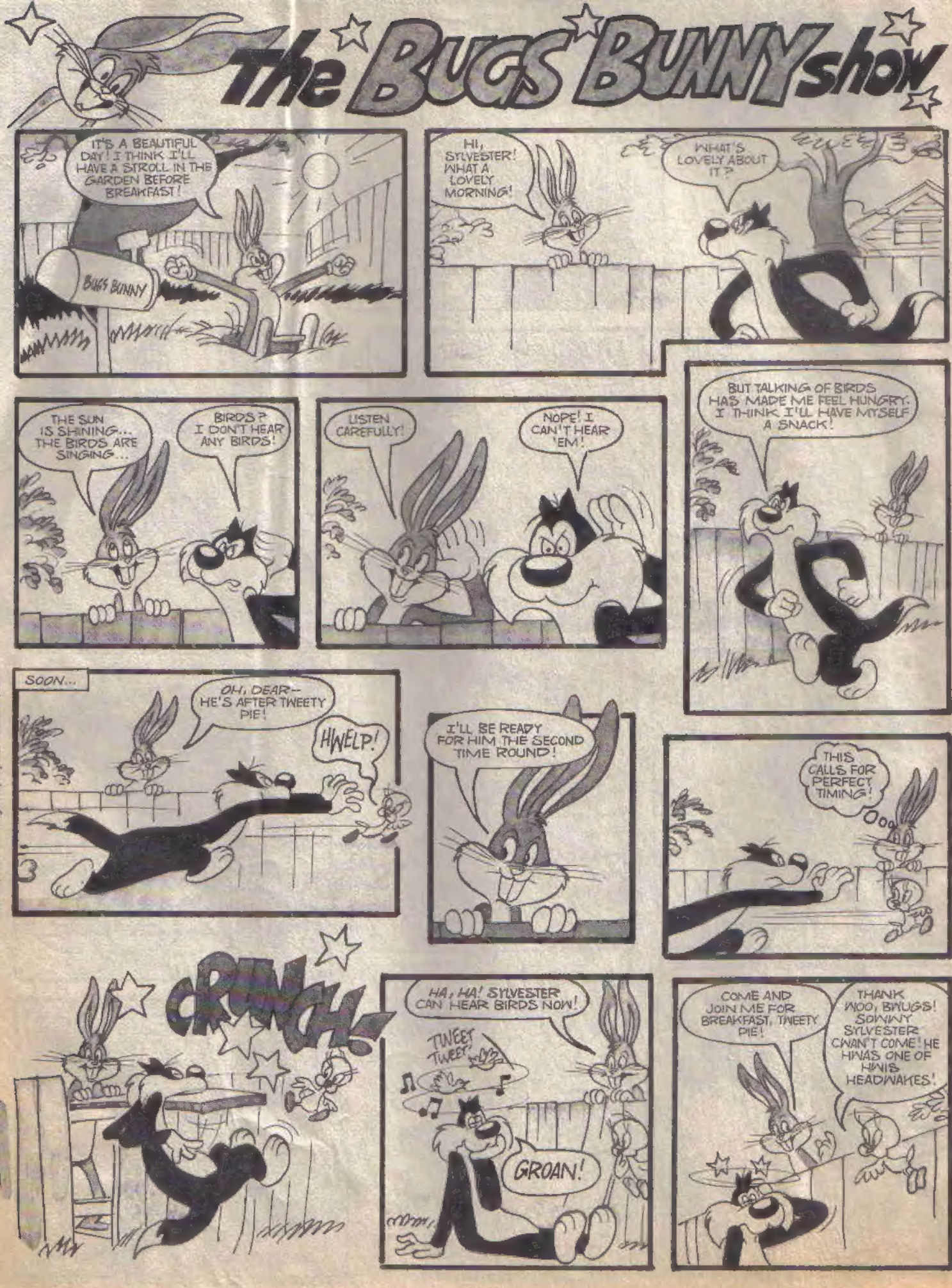

YOW! I'M GOIN' THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW!


CHUMMERS! COME BACK!


SOON...
YOW! THE PROPELLER'S STOPPED!
THAT'S A BIT OF LUCK! IT'S PACKED-UP ABOVE THE POND!

SPLOSH!

THE SECOND PROBLEM IS, THE BATTERY ONLY LASTS FOR A FEW MINUTES!
WELL NEXT TIME... GASP! ...DON'T TEST IT OUT ON ME! CHOKE!


The BUGS BUNNY show
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY! I THINK I'LL HAVE A STROLL IN THE GARDEN BEFORE BREAKFAST!
BUGS BUNNY
HI, SYLVESTER! WHAT A LOVELY MORNING!
WHAT'S LOVELY ABOUT IT?
THE SUN IS SHINING... THE BIRDS ARE SINGING...
BIRDS? I DON'T HEAR ANY BIRDS!
LISTEN CAREFULLY!
NOPE! I CAN'T HEAR 'EM!
BUT TALKING OF BIRDS HAS MADE ME FEEL HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL HAVE MYSELF A SNACK!
SOON...
OH, DEAR— HE'S AFTER TWEETY PIE!
HWELP!
I'LL BE READY FOR HIM THE SECOND TIME ROUND!
THIS CALLS FOR PERFECT TIMING!
CRUNCH!
HA, HA! SYLVESTER CAN HEAR BIRDS NOW!
TWEET TWEET!
GROAN!
COME AND JOIN ME FOR BREAKFAST, TWEETY PIE!
THANK WOO, BWUGS! SOWWY SYLVESTER CWAN'T COME! HE HWAS ONE OF HWIS HEADWAKES!

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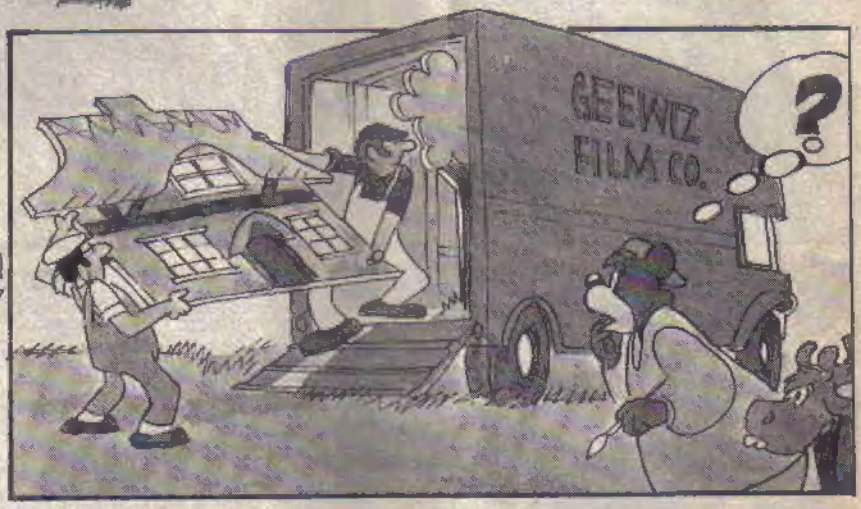
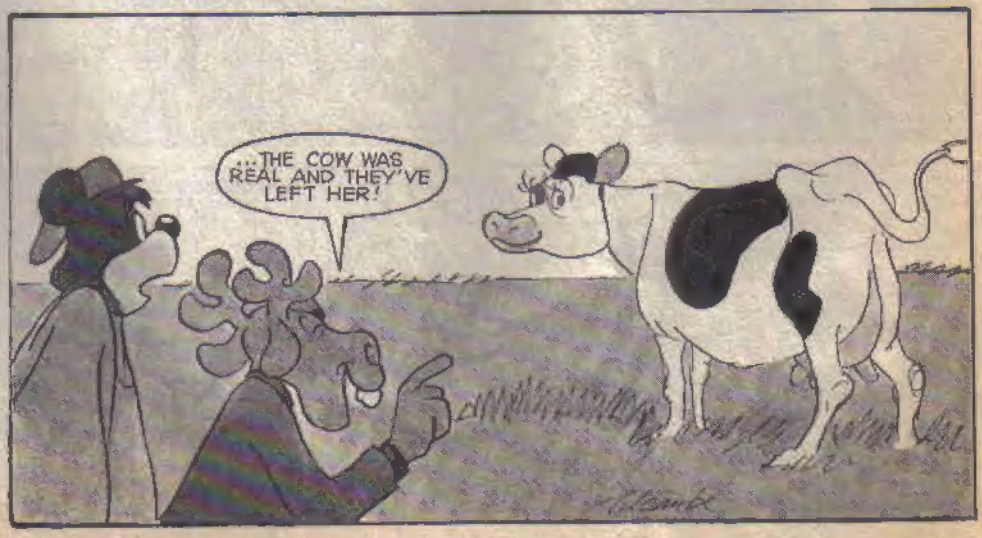
BARNEY BEAR





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MIGHTY MOTH

I GOTTA GET RID OF THAT MOTH BUT I NEED A NEW MOTH SWATTER AND SOME MOTH BALLS!

I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY SO I'LL GO TO THE BANK AND DRAW SOME CASH OUT!

BUT...
I'M SORRY, SIR - THERE'S NO MORE MONEY LEFT IN YOUR ACCOUNT!

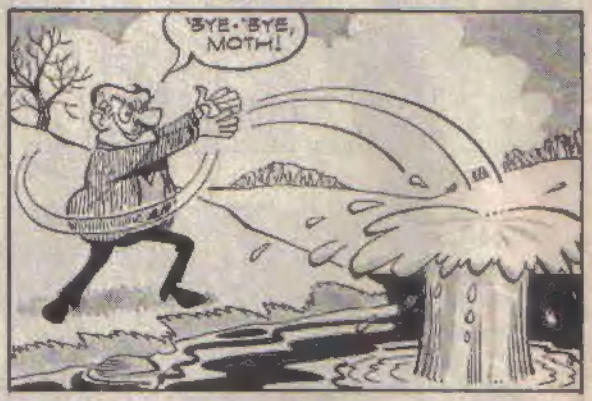
GOOD MORNING, MR. MOTH. TEN POUNDS FROM YOUR ACCOUNT, SIR.
CERTAINLY, SIR.
EH?

HE'S GOT MONEY IN THE BANK AND I'M BROKE! IT'S NOT FAIR!

IF I CAN ONLY GET RID OF MIGHTY MOTH HIS MONEY WILL BE MINE!

BACK HOME..
I'LL PUT SOME KNOCK-OUT PILLS IN HIS TEA!

LATER...
HEH-HEH! IT WORKED!


BYE-BYE, MOTH!

AT THE SOLICITOR'S...
I'M THE NEXT OF KIN OF MIGHTY MOTH. I'VE COME TO CLAIM HIS MONEY!

BUT HE'S LEFT A WILL - I'LL READ IT!
A WILL! THE LITTLE ROTTER MUST HAVE LEFT HIS MONEY TO SOMEONE ELSE!

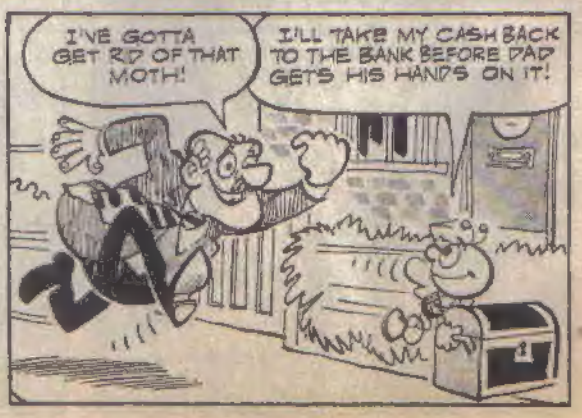
"I, MIGHTY MOTH, BEING OF SOUND MIND, LEAVE MY CASH BOX IN THE BANK TO DAD."
ME?

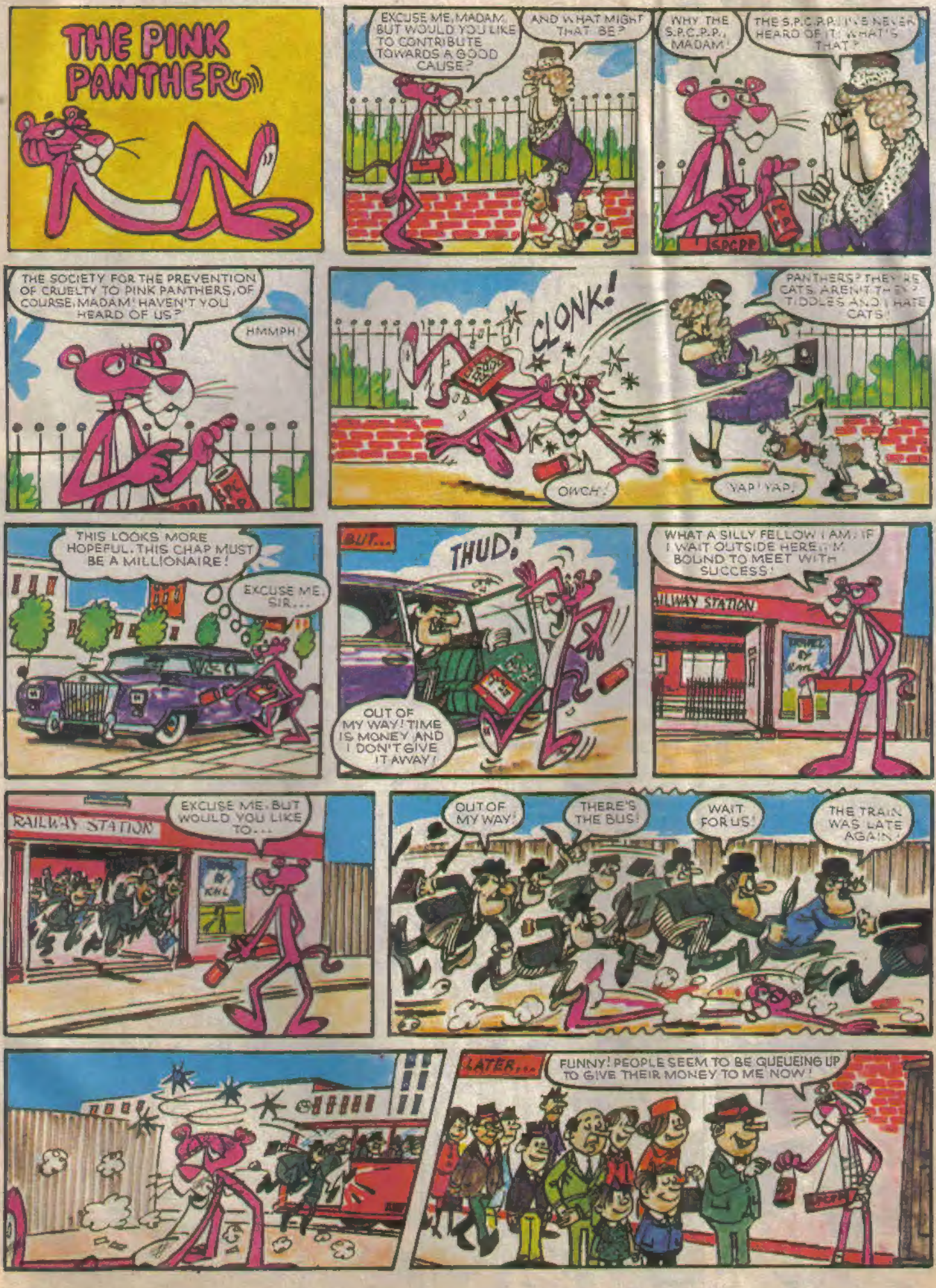
SO...
(SOB!) HE'S LEFT ALL HIS MONEY TO ME! (SNIFF!) I COULD NEVER TOUCH IT NOW! (BOO-HOO.!)

I WILL OPEN IT UP, THOUGH JUST TO SEE HOW MUCH MONEY HE LEFT!

HALLO, DAD!
MIGHTY!

YOU NEVER WERE ANY GOOD AT TYING KNOTS, DAD, AND I THOUGHT I'D HIDE IN MY CASH BOX AT THE BANK UNTIL YOU'D COOLED OFF!


I'VE GOTTA GET RID OF THAT MOTH!
I'LL TAKE MY CASH BACK TO THE BANK BEFORE DAD GETS HIS HANDS ON IT!


THE PINK PANTHER
EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT WOULD YOU LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TOWARDS A GOOD CAUSE?
AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE?
WHY THE S.P.C.P.P., MADAM!
THE S.P.C.P.P.? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT. WHAT'S THAT?
S.P.C.P.P.
THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO PINK PANTHERS, OF COURSE, MADAM! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD OF US?
HMMPH!
CLONK!
OWCH!
PANTHERS? THEY'RE CATS, AREN'T THEY? TIDDLES AND I HATE CATS!
YAP! YAP!
THIS LOOKS MORE HOPEFUL. THIS CHAP MUST BE A MILLIONAIRE!
EXCUSE ME, SIR...
BUT...
THUD!
OUT OF MY WAY! TIME IS MONEY AND I DON'T GIVE IT AWAY!
WHAT A SILLY FELLOW I AM. IF I WAIT OUTSIDE HERE, I'M BOUND TO MEET WITH SUCCESS!
RAILWAY STATION
EXCUSE ME. BUT WOULD YOU LIKE TO...
OUT OF MY WAY!
THERE'S THE BUS!
WAIT FOR US!
THE TRAIN WAS LATE AGAIN!
LATER...
FUNNY! PEOPLE SEEM TO BE QUEUEING UP TO GIVE THEIR MONEY TO ME NOW!
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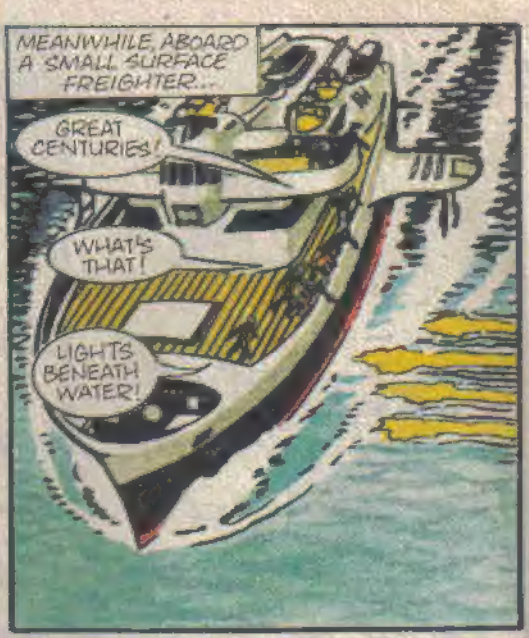
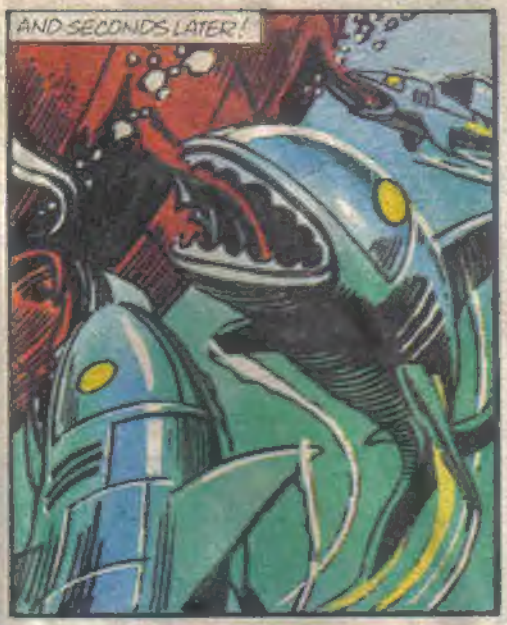
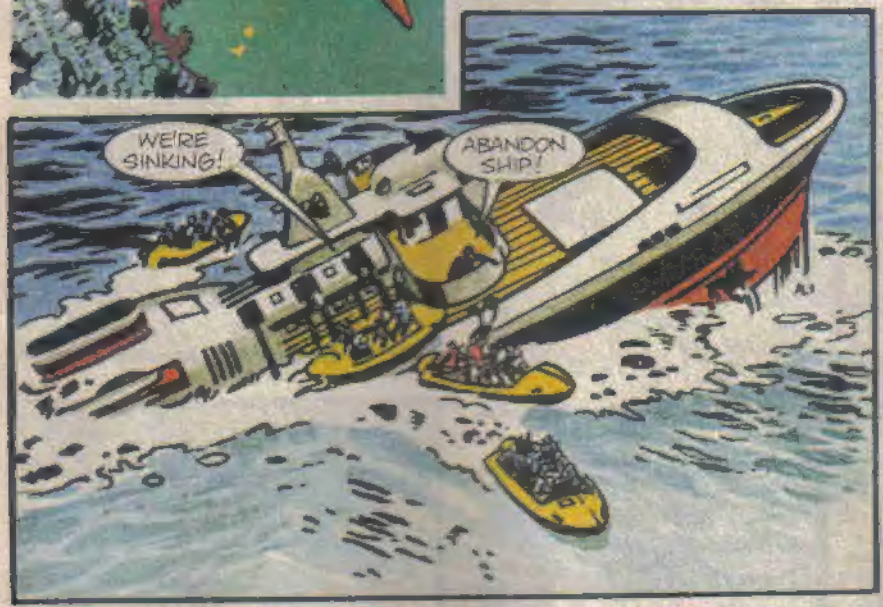
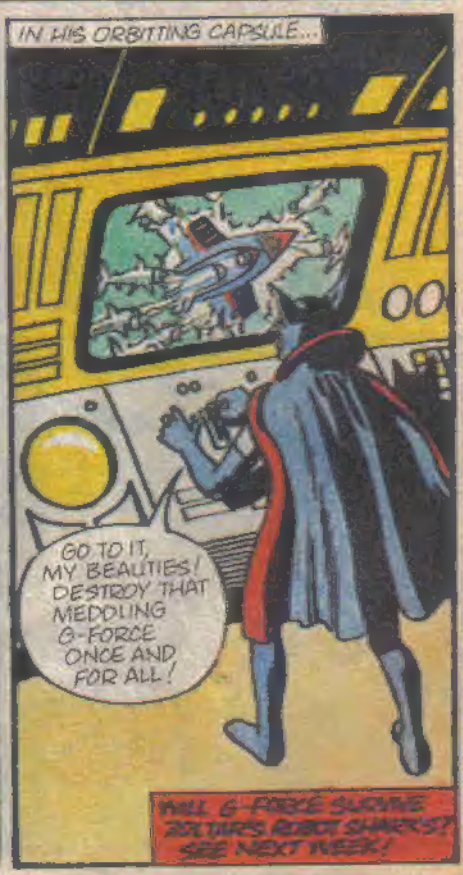
BATTLE OF THE PLANETS
EARTH'S ARCH-ENEMY ZOLTAR SEEKS TO INVADE EARTH BY USING A GIANT ROBOT HAND. G-FORCE - FIVE YOUNG ORPHANS WITH SUPER-POWERS -- CAUSE THE ROBOT TO EXPLODE INTO THE SEA. BUT ZOLTAR HAS OTHER IDEAS IN HAND..
EACH EXPLODED FRAGMENT OF THE HAND BECOMES A ROBOT SHARK! NOW I HAVE A TERROR WEAPON TO WIPE OUT EARTH'S SHIPPING.
IN HIS EARTH BOUND CAPSULE..
TO BOOST MY KILLER SHOAL'S ENERGY, I MUST GET CLOSE TO EARTH!
BENEATH THE PACIFIC OCEAN IS EARTH'S ROBOT WATCHDOG - 7-ZARK-7
7-ZARK-7 ALERTING G-FORCE! ALIEN FORMS TRAVELLING BENEATH OCEAN. PROCEED TO POINT BQ AT GRID B!
IN THEIR SPACESHIP 'PHOENIX'...
MESSAGE RECEIVED!
THAT'S WHERE THE 'HAND' CRASHED!
IT COULD BE A COINCIDENCE, BUT WE'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT, JASON!
SWITCHING TO SUBMARINE CAPABILITIES!
STRAP IN GANG, HERE WE GO!








IN HIS ORBITTING CAPSULE...
GO TO IT, MY BEAUTIES! DESTROY THAT MEDDLING G-FORCE ONCE AND FOR ALL!
WILL G-FORCE SURVIVE ZOLTAR'S ROBOT SHARKS? SEE NEXT WEEK!

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The BISTO KIDS
WHEEE!
MY TURN NEXT!
STEP ASIDE, KID, I'LL TAKE YOUR TURN!
OOF!
GRR! TUBBY TIBBS IS ALWAYS SPOILING OUR GAMES!
HE'LL BE GOING IN SOON. HIS DINNER IS NEARLY READY!
AHH!
I'VE HAD AN IDEA!
SO...
HEY, FATSO!
CAN'T CATCH US!
GRR! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
OO-ER! THAT RUNNING ROUND AND ROUND HAS MADE ME FEEL ALL PECULIAR!
YOO-HOO! DINNER'S READY!
TUBBY DOESN'T FEEL LIKE EATING HIS DINNER!
CAN YOU TWO MANAGE TO EAT IT? IT SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE IT!
SO...
MMM! DELICIOUS STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE!
MUM! I FEEL BETTER NOW!
TOO LATE MY LAD!
© RHM Foods Ltd 1981

The Inspector
THE CHIEF HAS PUT ME ON DOG PATROL!
MEANWHILE .
HEY! COME BACK!
BUTCHER
INSPECTOR! NIFTY NICK HAS JUST STOLEN FIVE POUNDS OF MY BEST SAUSAGES!
BUTCHER
WE'LL SOON FIND HIM!
SO...
THERE YOU ARE, NICK YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR STEALING SAUSAGES!
SAUSAGES? I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN ABOUT THEM!
MY DOG WILL SOON SNIFF THEM OUT!
THERE THEY ARE! AND THEY HAVE YOUR FINGER PRINTS ON THEM!
NIFTY NICK, YOU ARE CHARGED WITH STEALING FIVE POUNDS OF SAUSAGES!
YOU CAN'T PIN THIS ONE ON ME, INSPECTOR! YOU HAVEN'T ANY EVIDENCE!
WHAT ABOUT THE SAUSAGES?
WHAT SAUSAGES?
ERK! THE DOGS EATEN THEM!
SLURP!
SOON .
FIVE DAYS BEHIND BARS FOR YOU, FIDO!
DON'T I GET ANY TIME OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOUR?

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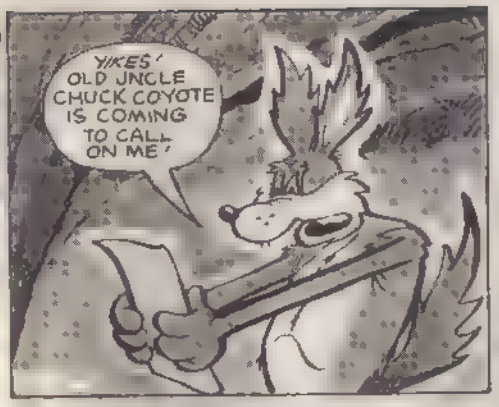
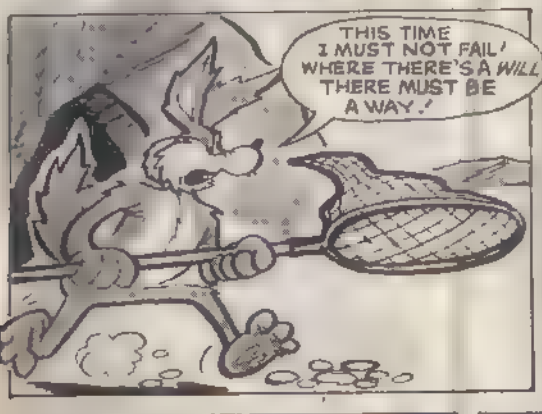
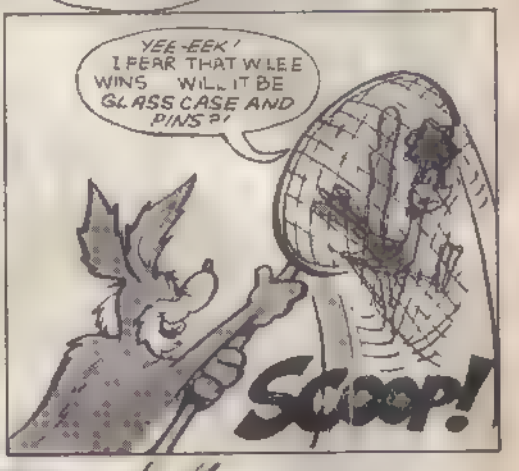
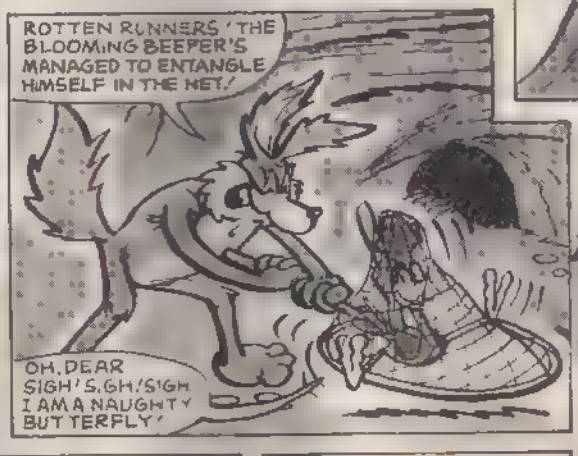
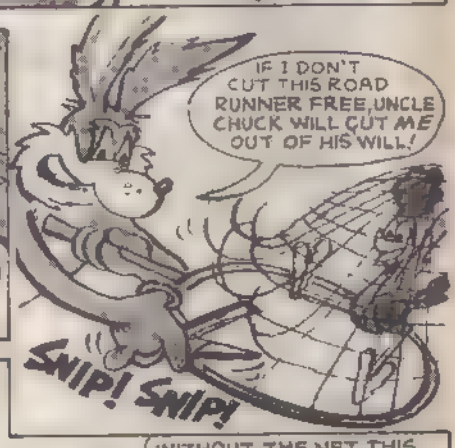
BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER

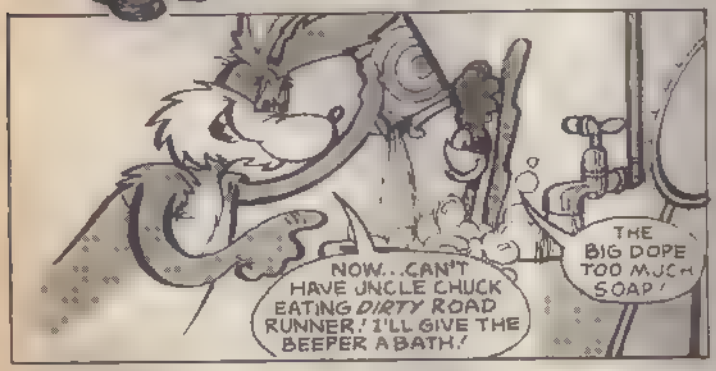


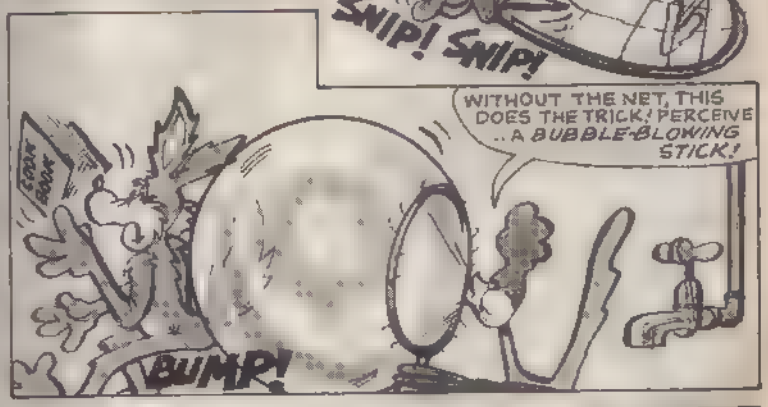


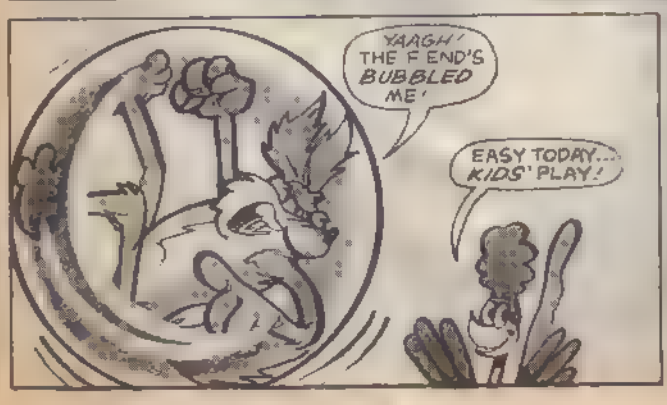


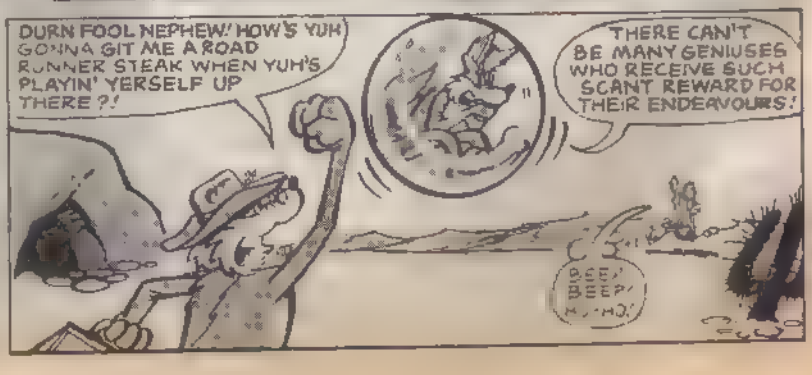

ROTTEN RUNNERS! THE BLOOMING BEEPER'S MANAGED TO ENTANGLE HIMSELF IN THE NET!
OH, DEAR SIGH! S, GH! SIGH I AM A NAUGHTY BUTTERFLY!










DURN FOOL NEPHEW! HOW'S YUH GONNA GIT ME A ROAD RUNNER STEAK WHEN YUH'S PLAYIN' YERSELF UP THERE?!
THERE CAN'T BE MANY GENIUSES WHO RECEIVE SUCH SCANT REWARD FOR THEIR ENDEAVOURS!
BEEP! BEEP! HA-HA!

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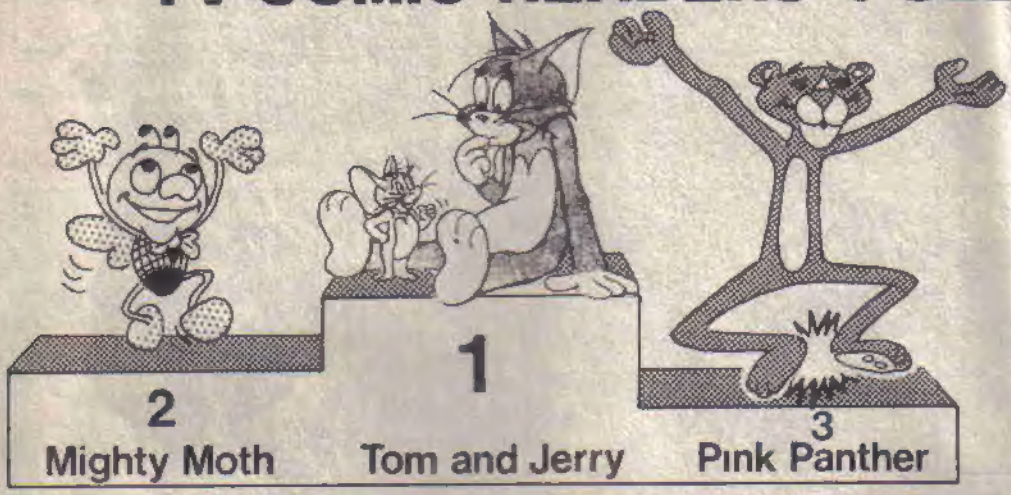
LETTERS and LAUGHS

£5 PRIZE FOR THE STAR LETTER PLUS £1 FOR EVERY OTHER ONE PUBLISHED!

Send your letters, photographs, and jokes to: Letters and Laughs, TV Comic, P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

TV COMIC READERS' POLL RESULTS



We've been up to our eyeballs in polling forms but at last we can announce the results of the TV Comic Readers' Poll!

In first place, the ever popular duo Tom and Jerry. In second place, much to Dad's horror, is Mighty Moth, and in third place, that cool cat, the Pink Panther!

Thank you to all the readers who took part. It's nice to know what you think. — The Editor.

LETTERS

The other day when I was at school my teacher asked us to make up a sentence with the word LETTUCE in it. The first person to put his hand up was a boy who was called Mark and he said: "Could you please LETTUCE out of school early?" We all laughed.

From Kay MacDonald, Inverness, Scotland.

★STAR LETTER

Dear Ed,

I've got some great news for you. In my bedroom I have got a record player and a tape recorder and a radio. So I have my own disc show. I call it Dove's Disk. When I have finished a record I put on the tape and so on. I record the news on tape and every hour I play it. I have some earphones which I put on to cue the records. I have one 78, some 45s and 33s. I enjoy playing all of my records. Ed, please tell me your favourite pop group. Mine is Abba. I have three of their records and they are all good. Oh before I forget, my budgie sends his greetings and chirps. Thank you for my TV Comic pen. It is very good.

From Michael Dove, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

Sounds fun, Michael! My favourites? That is difficult to say, Mantovani, Liberace? I think it has to be The Stray Cats — but I'm sure your budgie won't agree with me!

Dear Editor,

I would like to tell you about my little sister who had cooking at school. She was very pleased with herself when she came home. Mum said, "What did you make today?" So my little sister took the lid off the tin. "Ginger biscuits," replied my sister. "But why are they burnt? They look like plain black biscuits," said Mum. "Well," she began, "I forgot to take the ginger with me, so I left them in for an extra 10 minutes."

Debbie Davies, Whitchurch.

LAUGHS

Why did the nurse tip-toe past the medicine cabinet?

Answer: So she wouldn't wake the sleeping pills!

From Barry Lynes, King's Lynn.

What burns longer, a red or green candle?

Answer: Neither, they both burn shorter!

A riddle from Helen Rummery, Staffs.

POPEYE'S SEA CHEST

Popeye was born on January 17th, 1929, in the *Thimble Theatre* cartoon strip, which appeared throughout America. This featured Olive Oyl, her brother Castor, and her boyfriend Ham Gravy. Castor and Ham had bought a sailing ship to voyage to Dice Island with their lucky Whiffle Hen, Bernice, to win their fortunes.

Captain Castor told his friend that they had to be careful picking their crew. The port, he said, contained "the scum of the earth." Castor spotted a one-eyed sailor with a cob-pipe jutting out of his mouth, and anchors tattoed on his bulging forearms. Asked if he was a sailor, Popeye retorted: "Ja think I'm a cowboy?" He was hired.

Castor Oyl and Ham Gravy made a fortune in the Gambling casino on Dice Island. But, more important Popeye's future was assured. Within 5 years he had become world famous. Soon he started to appear in films.

The first meeting between Popeye and Olive Oyl took place on that historic voyage to Dice Island. She had stowed away. When Popeye ordered her to the Galley on "Cap'n's orders," she responded: "Aw, shut up, you bilge rat!" It was some time before love blossomed between the two, and she abandoned Ham Gravy.

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TV TERRORS
HANK HAYNES IS FILMING AT THE TV RANCH TODAY... WE MUST HAVE HIS AUTOGRAPH!
TO TV RANCH
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, PARDNERS!
YERK!
RECKON YOU KIDS HAD BETTER RUN ALONG NOW... PRONTO! HO! HO!
HELP! IT'S HOPPIT!
HOPPIT, FOLKS!
WHUMP!
YEOWCH! THOSE COWBOY BOOTS HAVE NASTY POINTED TOES!
THEY ALSO HAVE MIGHTY HIGH HEELS... AND AH CAN'T GIT USED T'THEM! NOT AS COMFORTABLE AS OL' FRED AND CHARLIE!
THROB!
AH RECKON THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT! YUP!
AH'LL HAVE T' SAW 'EM DOWN T'SIZE!
WELL, AH'LL BE POGGONED! WHAT DO YUH THINK YOU'RE DOING, COWBOY?
ER.. HOWDY, MISTER HAYNES, SIR!
WHY, BACK IN ARIZONA YUH'D BE STRUNG UP FROM THE HIGHEST TREE FER THAT, FELLAH!
WELL... ER... DON'T YUH THINK HIGH HEELS ARE... ER... KINDA CISSY, SIR?
SO YUH THINK HIGH HEELS ARE CISSY.. DO YUH?
NO, SIR! I... WELL... I... ER...
COO! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!
STILL THINK COWBOYS ARE CISSIES, HUH?
BLAM!
BLAM
HELP! MERCY, HANK SIR!
HO-HO! HOPPIT WON'T STOP RUNNING FOR MILES!
FIFTEEN MILES TO BE EXACT!
GASP! I DON'T HAVE HIGH-HEELS NOW ANYWAY! ALL THAT RUNNINGS WORN THEM DOWN!
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HANK GAVE US HIS AUTOGRAPH!
AND THAT LOW-DOWN-HEEL HOPPIT COULDN'T DO A THING! HO-HO!

BUZBY
THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!
I'LL GO, MUM!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
HOW! ME SELLUM GENUINE, HAND-MADE INDIAN CLOTH! GOOD FOR COAT FOR UM MUM!
HOW MUCH?
YOURS FOR UM TEN QUID!
TOO MUCH! I'LL GIVE YOU EIGHT!
ME WILL HAVE TO ASK UM BIG CHIEF!
OKAY — YOU CAN USE OUR 'PHONE!
ME NO NEED UM PHONE! ME USE UM SMOKE SIGNAL!
FIRST ME GET UM FIRE GOING!
COR! ISN'T THAT MARVELOUS!
AND HERE COMES THE REPLY!
WELL? CAN I HAVE THE MATERIAL FOR EIGHT POUNDS?
ME DON'T KNOW!
ME GET UM WRONG NUMBER!

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POPEYE
SPINACH
DOGS ARE A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER! THAT ONE DOESN'T LIKE BRUTUS!
GRR!
GO AWAY, YA LOUSEY MUTT, AFORE I BELT YA ONE!
WHIMPER!
YA COME WID ME, DOGGY - I'LL GIVE YA SOME GRUB!
THERE! HE WUZ HUNGRY!
OH, NO!
WHAT'S DA MATTER, OLIVE?
JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO HANG THE WASHING OUT, THE LINE BROKE!
THERE'S NO MIND ANYWAY, SO WHY BOTHER?
I HAS AN IDEA, OLIVE!
YA HANG DA WASHING ON THAT END OF DA LINE...
...AND I'LL LASSOO BRUTUS WID DA OTHER END!
EH?
NOW! GO AFTER HIM, DOGGY!
GRRRR!
ONE MORE TIME ROUND DA BLOCK AND YA WASHING SHOULD BE DRY, OLIVE! ARF-ARF!
YAAAAAAAAA!
SEGAR

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